2,500 years ago
ÆSOP told of...

"THE BUNDLE OF STICKS."

An old man on the point of death summoned his sons around him to give them some parting advice. He ordered his servants to bring in a faggot of sticks, and said to his eldest son, "Break it." The son strained and strained, but with all his efforts was unable to break the bundle. The other sons also tried, but none of them was successful. "Untie the faggots," said the father, "and each of you take a stick." When they had done so, he called out to them, "Now, break," and each stick was easily broken. "You see my meaning," said their father,

"UNITY GIVES STRENGTH."
A Turn on the Wheel

This world of ours staggers along, just managing to keep its balance—but only just. Civilisation seems to be suffering from a hangover. A hangover from war—from two wars, in fact, plus that dreary period of 1918-39, which we euphemistically referred to as "Peace."

The copy-book optimists may cry, "But, look for the silver lining," or "There's some pure gold in every mulloch heap." Agreed. We may cup our hands protectingly around the flickering flame of faith, and, in the dim light, see some good. Hospitals are still built. A legacy is left to charity. Old-age pensions are increased. The thread of kindness is not broken altogether, and it is a relief to be able to quote the good deeds. But, on the whole, there are many cracks to be seen in the social structure. Too often, community spirit seems a very much diluted mixture. Too many people have thrown consideration for others to the winds. At times, behaviour is appalling. Let us note a few examples, with which you may be familiar.

How often do we see women standing in public conveyances while fit men and youths occupy the seats under their very noses. They not only sit and gaze at the, perhaps, tired women who cling desperately to straps and fails, but often sprawl out legs and feet as if to emphasise the comfort they are denying others.

Consider, too, the would-be athletes at tram and bus stops. Selfish men (and sometimes women) will board a bus the moment it pulls up, shoulderling their way in front of women and old people, and completely heedless of the passengers who wish to alight. Another menace inhabits the tramway "safety zones." To make sure that he can beat his fellows to a seat, or even standing room, he moves well back along the zone when his tram approaches and leaps on to the running board. All too frequently, his rear portion projects well out from the tram and again and again we have seen women knocked sideways and, sometimes, off their feet by these selfish people. On one dreadful occasion, a blind man standing slightly forward and unaware of what was happening alongside of him, received a terrific blow on the jaw from the extended elbow of one of these lunatics.

And it is not only among individuals that this selfishness is manifested. On far too many occasions lately, a policeman, endeavouring to make an arrest under difficulty, has been watched by a crowd of people who either have done nothing to assist when asked, or have endeavoured to assist the prisoner! There have even been times when, amazing to record, the mob has attacked the policeman! That such things could happen without a thought being given to the circumstances which made necessary the apprehension of the person arrested, is beyond understanding—except an understanding of that mob violence which raises its ugly head in the lynching of negroes in the U.S.A.

How comes it that these bad traits have developed? Man has never been perfect, but, generally speaking, he has evolved on reasonably sound lines through the last nineteen hundred years. Would it be unfair to pin-point as a visible turn on the long road of progress, a date shortly after the termination of World War I, and to label, as a definite stage of the deterioration, the ascendancy of the various political dictators who flourished in the twist-war period?

In those now almost unbelievable days of the 1930's, the struttings, posturings and arm raisings of those "sawdust Caesars," Mussolini and Hitler were recorded everywhere, widely, vividly and in great detail. Think of the columns in the newspapers which were devoted to these men; of the photographs which were published (There is one reproduced in this issue of "Service"—but for quite a different purpose); of the news-reels which showed these pseudo-military puppets, either leading their hordes of goose-stepping automatons or else taking the salute as these legions of the lost swept by, like the Gadarene swine.

Deliberately or otherwise, this spate of publicity, in the main, tended to "glamourise" these megalomaniacs. If this "build-up" achieved nothing worse, it at least put these men on a pedestal, offering them to the world as examples of the heights which a man can reach, if he has no conscience. Think back again, to the slavish adoration-cum-obedience of masses of people in Germany and Italy. The eternal tramp-tramp of military parades. The willingness to be identified by the colour of a shirt rather than by name or intellect. The hysterical "Heil ... this" and "Heil ... that." The fervent chanting of the "Horst Wessel" song. The assemblies of the "Hitler Youth" movements, where glazed-eyed youngsters were indoctrinated with the Nazi creed, before the dancing flames of mountain-top bonfires.

And what was this credo—this cancer of the mind which fathered, among other plagues, the monstrosities of the concentration camp and the hideous experiments on human beings which were carried out in the name of a prostituted science? Was it not the technique of the gangster, the basher, the stand-over man? If you want something, go and take it—and the method be damned! Strong arm stuff! Tell lies—the bigger, the better! Does someone object? Then thrust them aside; throw them down; eliminate them! Scowl! Browbeat! Put the boot in! Do anything rather than give the other fellow a chance.

This was the picture of the "man of purpose" in 1933. It is said of Charles Chaplin that he is a man who is truly universally known. How is that?
Simply because the character of the little man with the funny moustache which he assumed in all earlier films was projected into the minds of millions of people from the screens of the world's cinemas and from magazine and newspaper photographs. Such is the power of film. But Hitler—another clown with a funny moustache—was also filmed many times, and, each time, with acting as studied as ever Chaplin knew. Is it likely that the performances of one would be remembered and the other forgotten? The swastikas have gone. The heel of the jackboot no longer clicks on the cobbled roadway. Shirts, black and brown, are now shrouds. But there is evidence that from this glorification, in the '30's, of "might is right" were sown seeds which have now grown to choking weeds. On all sides the old tune, "I know what I want—stop me who dares," is still played. In a minor key, perhaps, and by individuals more than masses. The resultant discord, however, is jarring.

Can the world continue to endure this lack of harmony? Can people, communities and nations not learn to live and plan in concert? So much good can be achieved if the will to do it be strong; if those who need example and leadership, can but find one. But, you say, "I know what's wrong. How can we start to put things right?" The answer is, Start setting the example yourself. Each of you. Who knows but what YOU are the leader whom another awaits, to follow. Start now. With what? Well, the Golden Rule is a sound basis. "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

We can also learn something, however, from the lives of an earlier generation. If we designate World War I—and its aftermath—as a turning point in history, it follows that the years which preceded 1914 marked the end of an era. The world scene which dissolved in Edwardian days was not as bad as the ideologist of to-day would have you believe. The set-up then was by no means perfect. What are now referred to as "class distinctions" were possibly more noticeable—or more "inverted"—than we see to-day. In industry and business, workers did work long hours; often put up with arduous conditions; received comparatively low wages (but not comparatively, low purchasing power), and may have felt the lack of security—although Heaven knows, the pre-1914 period never saw such unemployment as began a decade later.

Yet, despite all these handicaps—and, remember, they were largely the result of a rigidity of outlook which is seldom found in industry to-day—people were not unhappy. Whatever their problem, their minds were not shackled. They were free to learn, if they pleaded. They were kindly, they were courteous, they were tolerant. To take just one example. Who dreamt, in those days, of driving a horse and cart through the streets at a mad gallop, for the sake of showing off the speed of the horse, as does the motorist of to-day, without regard for the life and limb of others, unleash the 60-horsepower harnessed beneath the bonnet of the modern car?

The tolerance of those days was extended, too, to people of other nations. Passengers in a train in 1913 who had to listen to two fellow-travellers speaking French would stare at them unduly, maybe, and might mentally dub them "A couple of 'Froggies.'" But there would be no feeling of animosity. Even the magazine caricatures of a Frenchman in those days—tall hat, pointed beard and outstretched hands—had a good-humoured purpose. There was no bitterness.

To-day, when most of us have to rely upon newspaper, films, books and the like, for our knowledge of other lands, we have to reckon with a new influence—propaganda. It could be the truth—it might be less! At any rate, we have fallen into bad ways. Sweeping, and without regard for the past, present or future, we have coined ill-bred substitutes for nationality, such as "Frisian," "Irishman," "Wop," "Nigger," "Dago," "Chink," "Gippo," "Reffo," "Wog." Are such schoolyard efforts a credit to us?

Briefly, what have we lost is (i) the ability to take the initiative in ensuring a peaceful and purposeful way of life among our own communities and internationally; (ii) an appreciation of quietness and moderate speed, in all things; (iii) the ability to look before we leap in personal, industrial and political fields.

All these things bring us back again to the Golden Rule. If the letters appear a little dim nowadays because we look at them from an oblique angle, we could do worse than give a turn to the wheel and send our ship back the way it came. We might then reach the spot where the world got slightly off its course—and begin voyaging in another direction.

Are you ready to take a turn at the helm?

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THE TORCH IS HANDED ON.

An interesting link with the old days of the company has been discovered in Beechworth. In a recent letter from Mr. Bryan L. Pearmain of that town, we learnt that he had scanned eagerly the photograph of prominent identities of other days, which appeared in our last issue, for the face of his uncle, Mr. Charles Manning, who, unfortunately, was not included there. Many of the "old brigade" will remember Mr. Manning, who joined the company in 1922 when he came to Collingwood Store from Boan's Limited, Perth, where he was warehouse manager. Later he was transferred to Brisbane as manager of the Foy Store there. After our Queensland branch closed in 1931, Mr. Manning lived privately. He died in 1935.

Mr. Pearmain is very proud of his uncle, who was a man of high principle. On one occasion when an offer was made to set him up in business on his own, he declined, saying: "If I ever get anywhere in this world it will be through my own endeavour." Well, he did climb the ladder very successfully.

What makes this reference to Mr. Manning of particular interest to us now is that his nephew, Mr. Pearmain, works at F. & G. Stores, Beechworth.
London Letter

We regret that we have not received our usual budget of London news from "Onlooker." Apparently the letter is astray somewhere in the mails, for our viewer of the English scene is as regular as clockwork with his dispatches, and this is the first time we have gone to press without his interesting commentary. We can but look forward with keen anticipation to "Onlooker's" contribution to our next issue.

But by a remarkable coincidence we have received another letter from London. This we publish in full with some pride not only because of the sincerity with which the writer speaks of Anglo-Australian relationships, but because we regard Miss Penny's desire to see reprinted in her Company's house journal extracts from one of our own leading articles as a great compliment. It is most encouraging to learn that the good spirit which permeates our organisation is so apparent to an "outsider." Naturally, permission to quote from the article in question has been given readily.

"Haddonford,

9 Dangan Road, Wanstead,
June 7, 1948.

To the Editor of "Service."

Dear Mr. Editor,

Some six months ago a friend of mine—Mrs. R. Hancox—who is a part-time member of the staff of the above Company [this evidently refers to our London Office—Ed. "S."] sent me the August, 1947, number of your House Magazine. I read it from cover to cover and enjoyed every page of it, but particularly was I struck by the fine article "All for One and One for All" on page 1. I, too, belong to a fine company—The Cement Marketing Co. Ltd., selling organisation of the largest cement manufacturers in the world. What you have written seems to fit in so exactly with conditions as they are here at the present time that I am venturing to ask you if I might take a few extracts from this splendid editorial for my Company's own House Magazine. I gather from page 26 of that number that you do not like receiving extracts taken direct from other publications, but in that case the thoughts expressed therein would be wasted, which would be a great pity, so I should not be very surprised if you were to say "no" to my request. However, I would not dream of taking extracts without your permission. We hear so much in these days about what the workers think, but we never stop to consider what the directors and management of our great companies think and hope for, and this is just what your article does, and should have a salutary effect on employees.

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We here in dear old England often grumble at conditions which we thought would be so different after the war had been won, but we are a proud people at heart, and we know that in time, God willing, things will come right with us, but they will not do so if we do not pull together. We must all work harder. Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery (Monty of war fame) gave us a little sermon over the air yesterday when he unveiled at Southsea the memorial on our beaches in commemoration of D Day. He said:

"I would say let us all line up on the rope as we did in the long and weary war years, and pull our hardest to put things right. Let us all, in Britain, combine as one great team, just as the fighting men and the workers combined to make it possible, that great and unforgettable day, D Day, 1944."

That is why I should be very honoured if you would let me use part of your editorial. I am putting this all very badly, but I think you will understand what I am trying to say. I notice that you have a London Office too, but I thought it only right and proper to write direct to the fountainhead about what has been passing through my mind. It's strange that the article "All for One and One for All" should have been printed in that particular magazine, because I have never received one of your journals before, or since, but if all the other numbers are as interesting as the August number, then indeed "Service" would act as a great uplifter in the austere times in which we live.

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Customer: "I bought these stockings a fortnight ago, and now I think I ought to change them."

Assistant: "An excellent idea, Madam! But you'll be more comfortable if you sit down. Have you brought the others with you?"
God bless Australia and all her people. We here in the Mother Country are eternally grateful for all you are doing and have done for us. Our people cannot often tell you with what gratitude they receive the wonderful gifts you send to us with your love, but our hearts are full. Soon you will be receiving our dear King and Queen and Princess Margaret—we hate letting them go, but we would rather they came to you than anybody else in the world. We could have wished the Princess Elizabeth and her husband could have accompanied them, but by that time they will have their baby and they will have to defer their visit for a while, but I am sure they are hoping to come and visit you at some future time.

And now, Mr. Editor, I must close this long letter, with all good wishes to you and to all those associated with the great firm of Foy & Gibson Ltd. I hope you will forgive me for taking up so much of your valuable time with my request.

Yours very truly,
(Miss) PHYLLIS M. PENNY.

P.S.—I am in touch with many Australian friends over here, and to-morrow hope to welcome another of your citizens and his wife arriving on the S.S. Orion—Mr. Nickson, music critic for your Melbourne papers and choir master and organist of St. Peter's Church. One of his pupils is now organist of Westminster Abbey—Mr. W. McKie.

A WELCOME VISITOR.

For the first time since Mr R. B. Thomson, our London Manager, was here in 1936, a member of London Office staff is now in Melbourne. He is Mr. A. E. Annis, who arrived by ship on 14th June, accompanied by his wife. Mr. Annis is the London buyer of silks, prints, dress goods and made-up fashion goods. As a fashion reporter, he is first-class, and we understand that overseas suppliers often seek his opinion of their productions.

Thus, Mr. Annis brings with him a wealth of experience and knowledge, and his contacts with managers here will be mutually advantageous. During his stay, Mr. Annis will visit Adelaide and Perth, and make his contacts with executives of O. Gilpin Limited. He had already been to Sydney.

A warm welcome is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Annis. The sea voyage and the good living they will enjoy in Australia, which will be in such marked contrast to the conditions they have known in London, should be very beneficial to them both. They plan to return to London early in October.
The Sphinx Speaks . . .

IT'S NOT CRICKET!
By “Candlelight.”

The present Test series being played in England is creating an intense interest in a sport which has been described as “The Sport of Gentlemen.” I think I would be right if I said that, at present, cricket is in the air!

The influence of the game is to be found in many conversations, both in the cricket season and out. How often do you hear the phrase, “It's not cricket” used in connection with some topic which has little in common with the popular sport played by the aristocrats of England. Using this famous phrase as the theme of my remarks, I can now tell you a little more about the lunchtime “game” described in last issue.

As related, the wicket took the form of a 44-gallon drum. Well, this became such a ready target that it was decided to replace it with something not quite so easy to hit. Consequently, two fruit cases were procured and arranged to form a wicket of reasonable dimensions. The L.B.W. rule was introduced, and sides arranged as follows: Those who had in previous matches made ducks or very low scores were to pit themselves against “The Rest” or “Boasters,” as they have come to be known. After each match rearrangement of teams took place, lowest scorers for the Boasters being relegated to Ducks, and their places filled by Ducks who had proved themselves.

Incidentally, Frank Miller is the undisputed and evidently permanent Captain of the Ducks. However, he is a Boaster in one respect. He proudly claims he takes longer to make a duck than anyone else! Ducks were soundly beaten in about six games until the expert coaching of Barker Hall, topped off by his brilliant innings of 38 (a record which looks like standing for some time), brought “Boasters” to their knees and justified “Ducks” taking over the name of “Boasters.” Joe Boyle is a very consistent bowler who impressed me. He not only consistently bowls off the pitch, but surprisingly is also consistent in taking a wicket with one of the very few balls in each over which he manages to land on the pitch.

Jimmy Rodgers is a bowler of a similar type, with an evident dislike for Dick Carter, who fields close to the pitch, and usually manages to stop at least three of Jim’s deliveries in each over with the seat of his pants. Dick, by the way, is a very good fieldsman, and also a consistent scorer, for (in keeping with the cricket atmosphere) I would like to mention here, Dick’s family score, which with a recent addition brings the total to four—three girls and a boy. Best wishes to “Wifey” and Annette, Margaret, Dick!

One of the most prodigious hitters I have ever seen is Charlie Langdon; that is, when he connects. Usually, however, he makes a terrific swipe and misses. A full toss is usually Charlie’s downfall, if it is tossed in line with the wicket. Incidentally, a certain young lady from Eagley canteen, whose christian name rhymes with “Wifey,” recently had some teeth extracted. Had the boys known, they could have saved her, whatever the cost, by fielding her at silly leg in front of Charlie. Also worthy of special mention are Bob Mains, who actually took a catch the other day—(you needn’t smile; look how many shots Laughton has had at winning a race!); Les Freeman for a great knock for “Ducks” and several good catches (one being a fluke, if I ever saw one), and Jack Stoneman, for thrice catching one who is by far the best all-rounder (and the unluckiest) that I have ever seen. (I’ve had to mention Jack because I spelt his name wrongly in my last report!)

Lastly, I would like, on behalf of the boys, to congratulate one who does not play with them, but who has reached a grand score in the most important innings of all, the innings of Life. And he’s still not out! We wish him the best and that he may add many more happy years to his score. I refer, of course, to Mr. A. Dudley, who recently took his score to 60, 38 of them in partnership with Eagley.

So much for cricket. The boys are now collecting 1/- per person per week to buy a set of indoor bowls with which to start a “new” game. I understand that there are not many sets about. Let’s hope that the new game will prove as entertaining as their—er—cricket, and that it will be played in the same fine spirit, so that nobody will be able to say (as they have been able to about the game I have reported, in spite of the players’ good intentions), “IT’S NOT CRICKET.”

Retirement of Mr. Ben. Snell.

On Monday, May 31, a large and representative gathering of friends from all sections of the Mills met to say farewell to Mr. Snell, who is so well known throughout the Organisation as the Engineer of Eagley Mills.

Mr. A. D. McDougall, General Manager, before making the presentation, referred to Mr. Snell’s long service of 42 years with Eagley Mills. It was his life’s work. Through the good times and depressions, he had played his part for the advancement of Eagley Mills conscientiously.

Mr. Roy Kellow, who supported Mr. McDougall, said that Mr. Snell gave everyone a feeling of confidence, and fellow-workers felt safe working for him. Mr. Kellow also expressed a wish that Mr. Snell, when reading his dictionary, would remember his friends and fellow-workers.

Mr. Snell, replying, spoke not of current affairs, but more of affairs of the current, the dangers of high tension, the many escapes he had had; making it quite clear that electricity was a good friend, but a bad enemy.

Mr. Snell concluded by thanking his many friends for coming along, naming many who had made his work a pleasure.
Mr. McDougall then presented Mr. Snell with a case of cutlery suitably inscribed and a 20th Century Dictionary, and expressed the hope that Mrs. Snell’s health would improve.

It goes without saying that in his well-earned retirement Mr. Snell has the good wishes of all associated with Eagley Mills—indeed, of our entire organisation.

EAGLEY MILLS FOOTBALL CLUB.
By Mudlark.

The 1948 season is now in full swing, with the Mills’ team competing in the V.F.A. Saturday Morning Industrial Association. The first match was played on April 24. Of this and following matches the results were—

April 24: Kitchen’s Socials, 9.14; Eagley Mills, 5.11.
May 1: Eagley Mills, 12.7; John Danks, 6.9.
May 8: McColl Electric, 11.14; Eagley Mills, 6.15.
May 16: Kodak, 11.6; Eagley Mills, 4.6.

Latest Premiership Ladder.
Kitchen’s .................................. 24
Kodak ................................... 24
Eagley .................................. 12
McColls .................................. 12
Davies, Coop .............................. 8
Malcolm Moore .......................... 8
C.I.G. ................................... 4
John Danks ................................ 0

Fixtures.
April 24: Eagley v. Kitchen’s Social.
May 1: Eagley v. John Danks.
May 16: Eagley v. Kodak.
June 5: Eagley v. Commonwealth Industrial Gases.
June 12: Eagley v. Kitchen’s Social.
July 31: Eagley v. Kodak.
August 7: Eagley v. Kitchen’s.

Eagley Mills v. Davies, Coop.

With Eagley just out of the four and the inclusion of several of our old players, we took the field on May 22 against Davies, Coop, determined to come off victors. Except for a strong down-field wind, the day was ideal for football. Eagley played with the wind in the first quarter, and, by the good kicking of W. Dudley (who received a round of applause from both teams for a magnificent goal from the centre of the ground), F. Smith, J. Richards and L. Ingram. Eagley led at the change—6.2; 1.5. Davies’ Coop retaliated, and, with heavy men to the fore, rushed on three quick goals. Eagley managed another one goal two points, and again led at half-time by 2.5, scores being 7.4; 4.6.

The third term found Eagley valiantly trying to pile on a lead with the wind, but excellent defence held them to 1.2, whilst Davies, Coop added four points, making the score 8.6; 4.9. Last quarter, Eagley had little hope of holding them (now using the wind), and they added 2.6 before Eagley started what later turned out to be a winning burst. A. Crawshaw (centre) and R. Williams (wing) started this run by making openings on the top flank and using them to best advantage. L. Ingram, F. Smith, C. Vincent and W. Dudley goaled in this quarter and clinched a very hard-fought game, which, but for strict control by the umpire, might have witnessed a few incidents, as here and there tempers were tried. Final Scores: Eagley Mills, 12.9; Davies, Coop, 6.15.


Exalted by their previous win, Eagley Mills paddled out on the ground, which at times looked more like a lake than a football field, and, after a slight delay, play started at 10 a.m. Eagley at once took the initiative and the lead by a nice scoring.

Eileen Williams (No. 1 Fingering, Eagley Mills), who recently announced her engagement to Walter Albert Kimpton, who formerly worked in same section.
Smith to clinch a very hard-fought game. Final Scores: Eagley Mills, 8.10; Malcolm Moore, 5.7.

Although the team and members of the club are happy about our successes, a note of concern must be sounded. Our Captain and Coach is to be married to Miss Marjorie Desmond on June 26. Members and players of the Eagley Mills’ Football Club take this opportunity to wish him and his wife all happiness and success in the future. We hope that he will so arrange the housework that he will be able to keep Saturday mornings free!

Eagley Golf Notes

By “Jigger.”

The Golf Club outing to Woodend took place on Sunday, June 6, and by the unanimous decision of all who were fortunate enough to make the trip it was a glorious success. Although the weather was a little on the dampish side, everybody seemed to take it in the best of spirit (Scotch for preference!). After a really good luncheon, thanks to Mr. and Mrs. George Peskett of the Woodend Hotel, the main item of the day, the Golf Competition, got under way. This resulted in a very popular win by Mrs. A. D. McDougall in the Ladies’ Section and by our Secretary, Mr. A. Hanley, in the Men’s.

The trophies were presented by our President, Jack White, when everybody had foregathered at the 19th. Mr. McDougall responded on behalf of his wife and Mr. Hanley (as usual) spoke for himself. Heartiest congratulations to both for their fine efforts. Mr. A. C. Cox, as a newcomer to the Mill, or, as he aptly put it, one of the babies of the Organisation (and a fine bouncing baby boy he is), remarked on the splendid feeling of good-fellowship between all members present, with particular reference to the fine co-operative spirit of the General Manager of the Mill, Mr. A. D. McDougall. After the toast of “Mr. and Mrs. McDougall,” to which Mr. McDougall suitably replied, members were ready for the bus and homeward bound—or were they? Ask the Secretary.

In the Rough.

Fancy getting lost at Woodend! It’s a fact. Four of our party were eventually discovered in another hotel, and quite settled down.

I think the Committee were a little bit embarrassed when they were asked by one or two players, “What constitutes a movable object?” What a cow of a thing to ask anybody!

I wonder what happened when one of the ladies remarked that it was a good job cows don’t fly.

The nearest approach to perpetual motion was George Peskett’s splendid efforts between 4.30 and 6 p.m., and also Mrs. Peskett’s handling of the cuppa tea. Thanks to both, and we can assure them their efforts were greatly remarked on and sincerely appreciated. We’ll be seeing you.

Who found the creek at the first hole? (Sh. Sh. Don’t all speak at once!)

We never saw the yellow socks on Sunday! Wonder what happened to them?

Scotland for ever—and a day longer! Yes, both winners came from the Land o’ the Heather. It must have been catching, because quite a few with a good Aussie tongue were—well, half-Scottish anyway before we parted. You’d be quite wrong if you said “And the other half, soda!”

Now for the bus going home. What! You don’t want me to tell! Aw, gee! Well, let me tell about the puncture we had? No! Well, let me tell you about Mrs. Mathieson’s nice singing, and about Blonde—? No! Well, I’ll be jiggered! Here’s the plum of the day, and I can’t say a word about it. Well, don’t ask anybody, but see me on the quiet and I’ll tell you all the good bits. But mind! Not a word to a soul.

Will the gentleman who lost his golf shoes please call at the Shoe Department, Fitzroy Store, where he may find something to his liking.

Appointment to Engineering Staff.

We extend a hearty welcome to Mr. W. T. C. Jenkins, who commenced duties with the Engineering Department on May 17. All wish him every success in his new position.

After 31 years in the service of Eagley Mills, Mr. Fred. Maudsley, of the Wool Spinning Department, has resigned to manage a city business. On behalf of his fellow-workers, Mr. W. Avery, Foreman of the Department, presented him with a Biro pen and pencil and a set of hair brushes. Friends and the management of the Mill wish him great success in his new venture. Mr. Maudsley started work in the Mill in 1917 as a boy of 14 years.

Did You Know This?

“My mind goes back to Christmas, 1896, when I saw the first film ever shown in Melbourne. Its title, as I recall, was ‘Cinderella,’ and it was shown free of charge to about 150 people in the basement of Fox and Gibson’s, Smith Street.”

—From an old acquaintance of W. Davies, Woollen Mill Warehouse.

[Has anyone else a recollection of this most interesting claim? Our official records do not throw any light on what must have been an epoch-making event, especially in view of the location. If this exhibition was indeed held, as part of the Company’s activities, what a pity we didn’t carry on. We might have had Betty Grable or June Allyson on our payroll to-day. Whacko!—Ed., “S.”]

News from Eagley No. 1, Preston.

Congratulations to Betty O’Brien, who made her debut at Preston Town Hall recently, at the Hospital Auxiliary Ball. On all counts, good looks, charm and pretty frock, we hear she was the “Belle of the Ball.”

It has been good to welcome back Val. Shepheard. She has done another good deed, this time helping a sister in the country who was ill.

Everyone will be glad to know that Ann Bell, who was in Heidelberg House for the removal of her appendix, is making a good recovery. Though you’re minus somewhere, you’re plus with us, Ann!
EDITORIAL

Remember the appeal we made in our last issue? We asked for more news and for a more widespread coverage of events. If the current number is the total result, we can't say that we are overjoyed.

Again we are late in publication. This has been due, to some extent, to purely editorial difficulties. Our office staff is "flat out" with other work, including the new share issue, but in part, the delay was caused by waiting a day, another day and then a week or so in the hope that we would find some new handwriting and some fresh postmarks in the incoming mail. We were disappointed.

Although we have done our best to make this a "new and improved" issue, we are afraid that there is a good deal of "padding." This is not the make-up which we planned or favour for our magazine. It must always contain some official matter, of course, but we would rather keep the "headquarters" stuff to a minimum and devote more space to reports of happenings, both workaday and personal, in the many sections of our organisation.

Make a careful check of the contents of this issue and, where possible, the place of origin. Then compare your notes with the list of units which comprise our organisation, as published at the top of page 2. You will be amazed at the number of "gaps." For all the contributions we receive from some parts of the business and—some of them quite large and important parts, too—a stranger picking up this magazine to read for the first time might be pardoned for wondering whether these sections had been closed down the previous week.

This apathy in helping to make "Service" a complete record of the activities of ALL sections of the company is inexcusable. So again, we make this appeal for better and fuller co-operation. The remedy is in YOUR hands. If, however, the lag continues, we are considering an unorthodox remedy of our own. If we cannot get news direct from our own people, we are thinking of asking "the store next door" or "across the street" for some assurance that our "sleeping partners" have not passed out altogether. We are quite sure that "News From the Neighbours," commenting on a day, commenting on OUR OWN activities, would make very interesting reading—and cause quite a lot of fun! What do you think?

WE'RE NOT KICKED ALL THE TIME.

From the marked lack of response in some quarters to our invitations to contribute to this magazine, we sometimes wonder if these "non starters" are indifferent; find "Service" dull or even boring. That's a worry. Then just when we think it's time we sent out for a bottle of hair restorer, along come reassurances from other directions. Being modest, we would normally file these away and not tell a soul about them. It has occurred to us, however, that these friendly comments might interest also the

"Doubting Thomases" or the tongue-tied ones from whom we never hear. And so, with a blush, we have untied the pink ribbon in which we had folded our fan mail, dusted off the lavender, and we offer the following extracts from letters received recently:

"I wish to say how much we look forward to each edition of 'Service.' To myself it's like a letter from home."

Laurence Smith, F. & G. Stores, Lockhart.

"Let me say once again that you go from strength to strength. The last number was super, and, in my opinion, will do the firm a lot of good—if only from the point of view of staff interest. They would be an odd lot did they not think, 'Well, clearly, someone is taking a real interest in us and in our joys and sorrows and respond.' You are doing a splendid job."

(R. B. Thomson, Foy & Gibson (London) Ltd.

"The last issue of 'Service' was very popular and impressive. The fight for magazines was really serious. Someone offered to buy a copy, whilst others said it would be a good idea to charge for every issue, thus ensuring for themselves a certain copy each time."

John Minks, Adelaide Store.

"The magazine comes to us like a newsreel with all the interesting tit-bits from here, there and everywhere. For its brightness, humour and fun, it's a tonic."

Ann Budgeon, Baby Wear, City.

Now, we wonder that someone has not thrown a few brick bats as well as bouquets, for we could not be good all the time. Don't take this as an invitation to throw stones, but we would prefer any sort of message to the complete silence which seems to enshroud some parts of the Organisation.

FAREWELL TO Mr. L. J. O'IMEARA.

On May 20, Mr. L. J. O'Meara left us to enter business for himself. It is 15 years since Mr. O'Meara joined the company. He came to us after experience with the Queensland National Bank, followed by 10 years with our good friends, Hicks Atkinson Limited. Appointed originally as Assistant Manager in the Men's Clothing and Juvenile Departments in our City Store, he became Manager of the entire Men's Store, which included tailoring, footwear and travel goods. Two years later the ground floor sections were put under his control. He became Deputy Store Manager to Mr. John Pritchard in 1943, and as the war progressed and the duties of executives had to be "spread," Mr. O'Meara assisted Mr. Arthur Cochrane as Merchandise Manager and was also Assistant Price Control Officer.

Popular with everyone and efficient and business-like in his methods, Mr. O'Meara should do well with his own enterprise. He certainly has the best wishes of everyone in our organisation for full success in this new sphere, with a happy and prosperous life ahead of him.

A flapper is like dandruff—always falling on some fellow's neck.
News from Adelaide

By John Minks.

£500 for Charity!

Social functions this year in connection with Adelaide's charity work have congested the atmosphere considerably, and by the time this issue of "Service" appears we shall once again be enjoying the knowledge that a little silver has gone into deserving pockets.

The climax to all these preparations was the ever-popular function, Foy's Charity Ball, which was held at the Palais Royal, Adelaide, on June 9. Most capably organised by the committee, which comprised of Mr. F. C. CHATTO (President), Mr. E. PITKIN (Chairman), Mr. JOHN MINKS (Secretary), Mr. HARRY FOSTER (Treasurer), the Misses STUBBS, WILEY, McDOUGAL, CARRAILL, BAKER, DIXON, FRANKLIN and Mrs. GARLAND, and Messrs. CRUMP, ANDREWS, BROWN, SISSON, GOODALL, PIGHT, and ORMSBY, the ball was a huge success, and on June 28 your correspondent had the pleasure and pride of handing over, on behalf of the entire staff of the Adelaide Store, £500 to the Minda Home for Feeble-minded Children. This is one of the finest institutions in the State.

To augment the proceeds from the ball, a "Miss Gibsonia" Quest was organised, and our contestants, JOAN PAGE, MARY FLAVEL, BETTY GATLEY, DOROTHY SOULSBY, BETTY LONGMORE, JOY ALMOND and PAULINE WILLIAMS, with their respective sponsors, fleeced all and sundry of their small change. It was a matter of "Look-out, what's coming next!" Picture evenings, dances, "bug evenings," jumble stalls and other acts of native cunning, helped to swell the funds of each contestant. Woe betide the person who tried to dodge or slam a door. On all sides rose the cry, "Penny, please!" and you put on that special smile, clenched your teeth and dug deep. Your tram fare sped away on the wings of charity.

In the store barometers showed the progress of each contestant, but the "mercury" wasn't half as high as our blood pressure when, after a gentle touch on the arm, a wheedling voice said, "Would you like to try your skill for thrupence? You may get a prize." If you changed the £1 your wife had given you to get the week's groceries, it was fatal. The "little woman" just had to go without. It was the old schoolboy game of Robin Hood brought up to date, and with Rundle Street substituted for Sherwood Forest. Oh! well, it was all for a fine cause, and thank goodness we could still get a cup of tea and a bun for sevenpence in the dining-room. This contest raised, to our great satisfaction (and, we must admit) surprise, the outstanding sum of £474/12/9.

Betty Longmire was the winner, with a total of £115/14/3, and she was crowned "Miss Gibsonia" at the ball, with all the traditional pageantry. Runner-up was Betty Gatley, with a total of £102/1/10.

Our sincere congratulations to these two girls and our warm thanks to the other contestants and to all
who helped so generously to make possible this splendid gift to help the unfortunate children of whom the Minda Home takes such wonderful care.

**TABLE TENNIS.**

Table tennis has got away to a flying start this year, inspired, no doubt, by the 1947 Premiership. To date, the teams are taking their hurdles with ease and agility, as the following results show:

- **A Team**—Played 5 Lost 1.
- **B Team**—Played 5 Won all.
- **C Team**—Played 5 Lost 1.

This year there has been much discussion about the new service for table tennis, devised by the Melbourne Association and adopted by the corresponding Adelaide body. Now that everyone has mastered this technique, it is not so bad as it seemed at first. What say you, ye ball bashers?

Membership has been doubled this season, and it is encouraging to see so many junior members trying their skill. With the standard of playing improving, members are going to find it difficult to obtain one of the many trophies offering. June has been a busy month, with so many table tennis social functions and a tournament to compete for the trophy donated by Mr. Goodall, Secretary.

Office-bearers this year are: President, Mr. CHATTO; Chairman, Mr. STUBBS; Secretary, Mr. GOODALL; Vice-Presidents, Messrs. JURY, AMOS, GOWLING, I. LEANE, MUNRO and L. COLLINS. Team Captains:—A Team: Max Barnett. B Team: C. Graham. C Team: C. Ormsby.

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Top, Adelaide Elevator Attendants. L. to R.: Dot Madigan, Pauline McDonald, Jessie Richards, Lucy Jones. Centre: Seibert Wenham, of Adelaide Workroom, an expert dancer who sometimes entertains staff at lunch time. Bottom: At a recent staff social, Adelaide Dining Hall.

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**FURTHER EXPANSION OF EAGLEY MILLS.**

Two more annexes have recently been opened, making four in all. Following the successful establishment of the plants at Preston and Ascot Vale, the name of Eagley is now proudly borne in Prahran and Frankston. In our Chapel Street Store, three sections of the Mill are represented—Hosiery Winding and Hosiery Mending, with Miss Matthews in charge, and Weaving Mending under Miss Gherashe. The combined staffs number nearly thirty.

At Frankston, in Oakes’ Buildings, in Wells street, we now operate a Worsted Spinning and Worsted Winding plant, with Mr. D. L. McAuliffe in charge. The rest of the staff, all girls, are local residents.

It is a pleasure to be able to extend now, officially, this warm welcome to all those in these two new annexes who are newcomers to the Foy Organisation. We hope they will be happy in their association with us, and we do ask them to be sure that, although they may work some distance away from “headquarters,” we definitely regard them as “members of the family” and as a mother might say to a daughter who is living away from home, “Write me a letter sometimes.” By this we mean that we shall welcome any contributions to “Service” that bear the Frankston or Prahran postmark.
Western Whispers

By S. W. Davies.

The big event in the West since the last issue of "Service" has been the holding of Foy's Ball in aid of the Children's Hospital, which took place on Monday, May 24, in the Embassy Ballroom, and was a function which everyone present thoroughly enjoyed.

It was really Foy's first post-war Annual Ball, for prior to 1939 it had been the custom for many years to organise a ball in aid of a selected charity.

The Committee responsible for the organisation of the Ball must be congratulated on the excellent arrangements, and Bevin Joyce and his team of display men are to be commended on their very artistic decorations which elicited favourable comment on all sides. Festoons of gleaming silver streamers and a fantastic frieze of black cats and witches with broomsticks made an unusual but most effective decoration.

The Committee, which consisted of W. J. Leader (Chairman), Mesdames D. Smith and E. Eggington, Misses S. Murdoch, V. Spry, D. Tangney, H. Davies, W. Perkins, L. McCartney, O. Richards, and Messrs. E. H. Norman, S. W. Davies, G. Gardner, H. Hindley, J. Brisbane, B. Joyce, R. Fraser, S. Eaton and W. Margetic, worked for weeks previously making all the necessary arrangements. Among the guests welcomed by the Chairman of the Ball Committee and Mrs. Leader were the Chairman of the Hospital Board (Mr. A. Jacoby) and Mrs. Jacoby, the Manager (Mr. C. R. D. Austin) and Mrs. Austin, the Medical Superintendent (Dr. A. R. Edmonds) and Mrs. Edmonds, the Matron (Miss E. Stokes), Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Brisbane, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Jackson, the Hon. Leslie Craig, M.L.C. Mr. E. H. Donnes, of course, was also present.

It was a beautiful evening, neither too hot nor too cold for dancing. Dancing started at 8.30 p.m. and went on until 2 a.m., and on the perfect floor of the ballroom it was sheer joy to trip it in the light fantastic toe to orchestration upon which it would be indeed difficult to improve.

Soft lights which at frequent intervals were lowered to semi-darkness, together with the gleam of bare white shoulders and the delicate shades of the pastel-toned frocks, added to the romance and gaiety of the evening.

Time sped on winged feet, and when the supper summons came at midnight it seemed that we had scarcely started. After that, when the dancing and revelry reached their heights, time sped even faster. But it was a most successful and enjoyable event, and despite the lateness of the hour when most of us sought repose, everyone looked bright, fresh and sparkling in the store next morning.

Such evenings do all of us the world of good.

GOLF.

On the Labour Day holiday in May members of the Executive and Departmental Managers held one of their now famous golf tournaments. On this occasion it took place on the Mt. Yokine golf course, which is a few miles out from the city. As the first pair hit off the tee at the early hour of 8.15 a.m., competitors were up at the break of dawn. It was a glorious autumn day of bright sunshine, with a keen fresh bite in the air, and when we began the fairways and greens were heavy with the morning dew. Golf perhaps did not reach its highest standards, but many of us hit the ball a great number of times, and whether we played well or badly, it is quite certain that all thoroughly enjoyed themselves. It was remarkable that many of those who had not played a good hole all the morning were able to play the 19th with vigour and confidence. Trophies were won by G. Wilson (best net score), J. Orr (runner-up), J. Dunlop (best gross score) and F. Luke (best score 20 and over handicap).

The event was so much enjoyed by all participants that it has been decided to hold another tournament on the next holiday.

BASKET BALL.

By M. Budge, Captain.

About the middle of last year it was decided by several members of the office staff to start a basket ball team, so arrangements were made with the various persons concerned, and it was decided that Foy's Basket Ball Team be formed.

Many weeks were spent searching for a court for practice, and the Association was approached to have the new team entered and registered for Association games, but it was unfortunately too late in the year to enter into the Association, so those interested decided that it would be wise to continue with practice where possible during the summer months and present a reasonably strong team to the Association on grading day the following year. Attendances at practice were disappointing. Quite a number of girls felt the weather too warm for such strenuous sport, and gave preference to the beach. However, with a few faithful members from last year we were able to present a reasonably good team to the Association this year, and were graded on April 10 to B2 Grade, which is not too bad for a first-year team.

This low grade was not very happily accepted at first by those members who played through the summer months and who considered that the team was worthy of a higher grading. However, we have something to work for in this B2 Grade, and look forward to next season, when we hope to make the A Grade.

Jessie McKenny, a strong goal thrower for the team, is one of old "old faithfuls." Betty Merrit (Buttons) is her assistant, and does a good job at goal throwing also. On the wing we have Lona Noack, late of the Assistant Manager's office, who plays a joyous game and who has height as an advantage over so many of her opponents.
K. Phillips, who used to be a good centre during practice days, has since found it not always convenient to wait until 3.15 for a match on Saturdays, as she lives quite a long way from the city, at Darlington. Kate’s position has been taken by Noreen Hancock, who is a keen player and who does an excellent job as centre-changing position from attack to defence wing whenever it suits her. Poppy Earnshaw, a newcomer this year, is the team’s star player. It is great to watch her speed and efficiency, as she plays right over the centre third and up to the defence third, where she is always close by for a throw-in from our defence.

Laura Gregory (Dried Fruits) is keen and quick (though her throwing is a worry to the Captain at times!) and she makes tenacious attacks on her opponents. Doreen Appleton (Laces) is a spare, and plays a wing position generally. Doreen has not yet played in a match, but we keep our finger on her all the time to make sure that she will be ready when needed!

The first match to be played was held on April 24 at Langley Park, when we defeated Y.W.C.A. 6 by 14 goals to 2. There followed another success on May 1, when we defeated South Belmont 3 by 28 goals to 3. On May 8 we met our match in Trudis—a strong, efficient team with good swift passes. The match was a very interesting one for us. We had to fight hard for the nine goals against their nine. On May 15, at Robertson Park, we were defeated. Bon Marche, our opponents, had a very good team, with excellent passing, but they had a fight for their 17 goals to our 10. This, our first loss, was taken to heart. We decided that more practice was needed, and it was with keenness and determination that our team met on the following Monday evening at the Y.W.C.A. for a practice match. Next time we meet Bon Marche we shall, we hope, turn the tables. Our last match was against Mt. Lawley 2 at Langley Park on Saturday, May 22. It was a very enjoyable game, though not strenuous, and our win of 23 goals to 5 was some compensation for our loss of the previous week.

Recently members of the team decided to have a night out, and on the bank of the River Swan at South Belmont there was a great beano of frankfurts, sausages, horseshoe rolls with oodles of butter, fruit and cakes with billy tea, followed by frolics on the cool sands and lusty singing of Stephen Foster’s melodies. Then three members of the team spent a glorious week-end in the hills amongst the grass, trees and scrub myrtle at Lesmurdie. These three musketeers stayed in an old scout hut which boasted three most comfortable beds (later known as “Peewit’s Pinnacle,” “Midway Morgue” and “Corpses’ Cove”), plenty of cooking utensils, and an oven and fireplace built into a large drum with holes on the top for the billies. Once lit, the fire burnt quickly, heating, the outside of the drum and creating a rather dense blanket of smoke throughout the hut. A neighbour living a short distance from the hut who heard “strange sounds” about midnight one night investigated and saw, close to the huge blaze of the stove oven, three figures whose merry singing was punctuated at intervals by verbal exchanges followed by loud guffaws. We haven’t discovered yet what caused this midnight laughter!

So the team members do have their lighter moments (and very enjoyable ones at that!), but the most enjoyable moment, of course, will be when we go for the Premiership.

FOOTBALL.

The football season is in full swing, and Foy’s Football Club is continuing on its triumphant way. Up to date they have played three matches and won them all. Captain is A. Tucker and Vice-Captain S. Burke. The first match, played against Boans Ltd., was keenly contested, but Foy’s managed to gain a victory by the slender margin of four points. The next was against Sandovers, which was won by 3 goals 4 points, and the last against Power and Son was an overwhelming victory, being won by 14 goals. Good luck to them; they certainly deserve to win, for they are most enthusiastic and train consistently. Outstanding for their good play are G. Thompson, R. Webb, G. Brown, F. Thomas, A. Tucker and P. Coventry.

BIRTHS.

It is a change to be able to record at last the birth of a boy. Very hearty congratulations are extended to Mr. R. Webb (Mail Order), whose wife presented him with a son on June 24. Good luck to all three of them.

ENGAGEMENTS.

Cupid with his little bow and arrow has been busy lately in the Cosmetics Department. We think he must have been concealed on top of one of the columns, awaiting his opportunity. At any rate, he shot with good effect, for both Audrey Golding (Coty Section) and Dorothy David (Lournay Section) have recently become engaged. Congratulations to them both.

MARRIAGES.

Our congratulations and best wishes to several of our staff who have just or are about to enter into Holy Matrimony: Mr. R. Webb (Soft Furnishings) to Miss Margaret Hall, who, until recently, was in our Haberdashery Department; Mr. Ron Brown (Fruit) and Miss Mavis Gilmour, recently of the Office staff; Miss Dorothy Reid (Millinery), who has left to be married.

SYMPATHY.

The sympathy of us all goes out to Miss B. Stewart, of th Lace Department, in her recent bereavement.

PROMOTIONS.

Congratulations to Mr. A. Lewman, who has just been appointed second-in-charge of the Soft Furnishings and Art Gallery. Mr. Lewman is an ex-Serviceman who was with us prior to the war. All wish him success in his new position.

—Pickwick.

BEAUTY.

As a beauty I am not a “star,”
There are others more handsome by far,
My face, I don’t mind it,
For I am behind it:
It’s the people in Foy’s get the jar!

Marriage often changes an ideal into an ordeal.

The identity of the inventor of the walking stick has remained a mystery. Could it have been Eve when she presented Adam with a small Cain?
Above, our City corner as it appeared when we purchased the site in 1926. The centre building is the famous old Orient Hotel. The tall building to the right next to Hoyts Cinema is the Bussell, Robson Department Store which was included in the purchase. Below, the Bourke Street Store as it is to-day.
Holiday Suggestions or Choose With Ease From ‘F & G’s’

In summer, in DIMBOOLA, you might yearn for some place cooler. (What a pity we’re not licensed to sell Bass!) Yet I doubt if you would fain go, in the heat, as far as RAINBOW. For a change. You surely wouldn’t go to YASS?

You might think that COOTAMUNDRA is far off as Russia’s tundra. From MALVERN. And it’s quite a way to NHILL. But if distance doesn’t matter, why not go to WANGARATTA. Or WEST WYALONG. ST. ARNAUD or SWAN HILL?

In MOUNT GAMBIER there are three lakes which you may prefer to SEA LAKES. Salt deposits. And near ALBURY, there’s a weir. In the countryside near HENTY, quiet and silence you’ll find plenty. Whilst CASTLEMAINE is famed, of course, for beer!

You can always buy a pint on all the roads that lead to KYNETON. At ORANGE you will never get the pip. Not a silk hat or a “flogger” will you need in windy WAGGA. And for sun—you go to SUNSHINE. (That’s our tip!)

We know that you’d adore a week or two in far TEMORA. And the praises of TRAFALGAR oft are sung. We ain’t got a place at Carrum, but you might consider YARRAM. Or you could daily in DENILUQUIN or YOUNG.

There are good sorts in MURtoa; quite a few, too, in EUROA. And BURNIE has “hot numbers,” as they say. But the Grampians, near STAWELL, is no place at all, to fail. And ‘tis said that all the girls in YEA say “Nay.”

The charms of YARRAWONGA make the tourist linger longer; But the railway smoke will “rock you” in JUNEE. Whilst CASTLEMAINE is famed, of course, for beer!

You could’t spend a fiver on a week-end in KANIVA. To be careful in KOROT, there is no need. There’s not a drink that’s purer than the water (?) of MILDURA. And a raisin raised in RENMARK’S good indeed!

Some people say they’d sooner spend a week-end in COHUNA. In SHEPPARTON, you might get in a “school.” Just stay one day in COLAC, and you’ll find that there is no lack. Of good friends. It’s much the same in WARRNAMBOOL.

In DEVONPORT and TERANG, COWRA, KORUMBURA, KERANG, You can have a lot of fun. And as for Sale, There’s a town that can’t be beaten—and the same applies to LEETON.

“F. & G.’s” are on each hill and down each dale. It was my first intention (when I began) to mention ALL the townships where we trade. There’s quite a few. Yet, no matter how I strive, you’ll find here, only fifty-five. But the rest are all good-oh!—all NINETY-TWO!

—H. le V.

MAKING GOOD GIRLS BETTER.

Some people are inclined to scoff a little at times at the moves being made on all sides nowadays to provide “amenities” for employees. Cynics have been heard to ask: “Will someone give them a little work to do between these social or athletic periods?” Well, we do not feel that way at all. Such outlets as we in this organisation have been able to provide have been taken up most enthusiastically by the Company and staff alike, and we are confident that those who participate are all the better for the relaxation, exercise or whatever else the various amenities provide.

And let it be remembered that not all facilities relate to throwing a ball or running about an indoor court or a public park. We can build better citizens by widening the scope of the mind, as well as developing the body. Witness to this is the overwhelming success of the dressmaking classes recently arranged for the staffs of the retail stores in Melbourne. Two classes of 20 each meet at alternate weeks in the Prahran Store. This is the closest continuity possible, and classes cannot be made larger or held more frequently because of pressure upon the demonstrators’ time.

The classes are under the very expert and understanding guidance of Miss Lorna Gourlay, head of the Frock Workroom, aided most conscientiously by her sister, Miss Ivy Gourlay and Miss Sanpher. What our girls are learning—work is quite practical, including cutting-out and making-up—is going to stand them in wonderful stead later on, for the teen-ager of to-day is the wife and mother of to-morrow, and it is very comforting to think that from this one “amenity” alone we have possibly 40 good housewives in the making.

Warm thanks to the Misses Gourlay and Miss Sanpher, and a special word of appreciation of the cooperation of Mr. Orme Pritchard, the popular manager of the Prahran Store, for his part in making access to and exit from the building after hours, a matter of complete simplicity to all who attend.
TERANG.
Terang is in the Western District, about 135 miles from Melbourne. Down the main street of the town runs a lovely avenue with lawns and gardens, which are always in perfect condition. The huge oak trees which line either side of the avenue provide lovely shade in summer.

The fine High School has a plantation of pine trees where, every year, the pupils plant about 300 seedlings. When the trees reach maturity they are cut and sold to either timber or paper mills. About two miles out of the town is Keilambete Lake. Its shores measure some five miles, but the depth has never been taken. Fish cannot live in it, as the water is said to be nine times saltier than the sea.

We also boast of a factory owned by "Edna Hosiery." About 30 girls are employed there, making—no, not stockings—gloves. Just seven miles from Terang, we have the only "Trufood" Dried Milk Factory in Australia. It has about 150 employees, both men and women. The milk is brought to the factory by the farmers, where it is separated. Some of the cream goes to the Butter Factory. The pure milk is dried into powder. Separated milk and malted milk are dried by a spraying process in hot air, in special boxes. When dry, it is sifted and sent to the packing room, where it is packed into 12-oz., 3-lb., 28-lb., and 112-lb. tins. The tins are made on the premises. There are about ten lorries, which take the boxes of milk to Terang Station and return to the factory with coal for the furnaces.

Like most country towns, there are good facilities for sport of various kinds, but mention could be made of the racecourse, which is considered to be one of the best outside the metropolitan area. There are regular meetings for both racing and trotting. By the way, at the Amateur Cycling Club of Victoria Championships, held in Melbourne at King's Birthday week-end, Terang won both the Senior and Junior Country Championships. One of our staff, Ham. Beard, was in the junior team.


[Note.—Miss Robinson, the Manageress of Terang Store, is about to leave on a trip to England, where she has a sister. She expects to be away about a

THE PEACHES OF PARKES AGAIN!

As the photograph published in our last issue was not a large one, the features of the girls were not as clear as could be wished. Here they are again. L. to R.: Shirley Oliver, Colleen Pepper, Olive Greenwood and Laurel Leister. Their sponsor in the challenge "Who is F. & G.'s most beautiful girl?" offers to back the Parkes entry with a stake of £1/1/- It is suggested that if others care to do likewise, a useful sum of money might be raised for some charitable cause. What do other stores think.

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year. All join in wishing Miss Robinson a pleasant journey, a happy holiday, and a safe return.—Ed., "S."

NARRANDERA.

We are happy to receive our issue of "Service." Have been very disappointed at not seeing much news from Division 7, but we will endeavour in future editions to make still brighter our already bright and treasured "Service."

Well, Parkes, you sure have started something—a fire which only we can put out. Let us give you a line on our Narrandera "nifties" to compare with your unbeatables. Thus, Beverley Beecher, our left-handed junior, the lass with the beautiful smile. Just gaze at her picture and look upon real beauty.

Norma Askwith, our blonde "wrecker," who, by the way, "teams up" with an opposing football player. Nice work, Norma!! While he is looking at you, he gives our team a chance!

Velma Webb, noted for her slim waist and other curves. These would make even Carmen Miranda worried. Marie Hanson has "threatened me with everything" for listing her charms here, but, believe me, boys, if you are looking for a luscious brunette, who is a wonderful housekeeper as well, you can't do better than consider Marie. If this recommendation does not kindle a flame in someone's heart, I give in! Mrs. Olive Molloy, our Senior, will only line up should there be a tie, and we have to "play our ace"!

I feel sure Mr. "Sparks" Eccles, of Junee, could well describe and give ideas regarding dressing-rooms, a style he designed at "Morebank Ordnance Depot." What about it, Harold?

I do thank you for the pleasure "Service" brings us.

—A. G. Dale.

WARRACKNABEAL.

Our town is situated on the Portland-Mildura line of the Henty Highway, and is the centre of some of the richest wheatlands in Victoria. The town and district has a population of approximately 3500, and the town area is of considerable dimensions, including a large retail shopping area. Through the residential portion of the town a creek flows, a section of which has been prepared as a swimming pool. It is planned to build a better swimming pool in Anzac Park in the near future. The present pool is a natural beauty spot, and always of interest to tourists passing through.

Warracknabeal has numerous public facilities, including a very modern Hospital, Town Hall, and a Post Office of unusual design. To ease the housing shortage 22 houses are being built on the local Housing Commission's Estate. Twelve of the houses are already occupied.

During the 1939-45 war three distilleries for the production of power alcohol were erected in Australia. One was built here. But the need for power alcohol did not arise, and little use was made of the huge plant installed. It was of interest to note that last season £1,000,000 worth of wheat passed through the local silos.

Sporting facilities in the town are numerous and include a magnificent bowling-green and croquet lawn. Both clubs are well patronised during weekends. Each year the bowling green is the scene of the R.S.I. Wimmera Bowling Championships, and representatives from near and far gather for this annual event. Golf players have a golf course well worthy of mention, and facilities include a very fine golf house. Football followers are more than well catered for at Anzac Park—"the haven of football fans"—each Saturday afternoon. Anzac Park is

Warracknabeal is proud of its fine buildings. Left, the Town Hall. Right, the Post Office.
notable, as it is the only Memorial Park of its kind in Victoria. It includes a first-class cycle track amongst its features.

Social Chatter.

During the past three months we have said “Farewells” and extended “Welcomes” to numerous personnel. Mr. Richard Skamp joined the Branch early last February, succeeding Mr. Brian Miller, who returned to Melbourne. Mr. Skamp hails from Cootamundra (N.S.W.). He and his wife are now established residents of Warracknabeal.

We also have Miss Edna Lane with us from Horsham to take the place of Miss Evelyn Perry. Miss Lane returned to Horsham to spend her annual holiday with her parents, and enjoyed a happy vacation. Early in the year Miss Fay Ledwidge left us to travel to distant fields, and is now a resident of Prahran (that’s in Melbourne!). Succeeding Fay, another Faye joined our staff in the person of Miss Faye Joyce, who is a resident of this town. A hearty welcome to our new junior: we trust her stay with us will be long and a happy one.

To enable me to enjoy a very pleasant holiday in April, Mr. Skamp relieved me as Manager. During my time here in “Warrack,” I have found the people to be very friendly. I have greatly enjoyed my stay here. On my return from vacation the joys of stocktaking awaited me! I’ve all very disappointed that this half-yearly event is now over, and we look forward to the next with great pleasure. (Oh! Yeah!)

Our own Store is situated at 60 Scott street, approximately midway between the Post Office and the Town Hall. The shop is the mecca of country residents, and we consider our Branch serves the requirements of one and all, at all times, and is the best for appearance and service in this area.

TUMUT.

Cupid once again scores a direct hit! On Easter Saturday, popular Eileen Lowe, of this store, said “Yes” to Roy Maybury, a local dairy farmer. It looks like cows instead of customers for Eileen now. No definite date has yet been set for the big day, but we’ll know when Eileen comes back from her holiday, which should be in about four weeks. The ring is a single diamond with a heart setting. (How’s that for a description, Eileen?)

We are happy to welcome back Mr. Allan McDougall (Manager), who, with Mrs. McDougall and 22-months-old son, Ian, has returned from his annual holiday, which was spent in Victoria.

—John Broadhead.

THE SPHINX SPEAKS.

No. 1 FINGERING LOSES A POPULAR GIRL.

On May 14, Miss E. Ansell left to take up home duties. One of the best-liked girls in the section, she received a farewell presentation accompanied by the following appropriate lines, composed by her workmates:

For years you’ve been making both ends meet,
To watch you “piece up” was a treat.
You “kept your ends up” all the time,
Whether in summer or winter clime.

You’re leaving us now, your hubby to tend;
To cook his meals; his socks to mend.
We wish you the best of joy and luck,
May you always be able to “keep your end up.”

Sydney Says . . .

Since the last issue, the writer has paid a visit to Melbourne, after an absence of just on four years. Although there has been a lot of changes in the organisation, there are still many people who remembered me, and it was very pleasant to renew old acquaintances. The time was short, but I managed to do a bit of window shopping in the City. I thought the displays were exceptionally nice, and the quality much better, and prices more reasonable than in Sydney. In our Bourke Street Store I noticed quite a number of improvements. Mr. Rooke kindly escorted me all over the departments in the Collingwood Store, of which he is very proud. He has every right to be, as the “New Smith St.” is a marvellous improvement on the old.

Unfortunately, Melbourne was draped in fog and frost for the few days I was there, so I was glad to get back to “Sunny New South Wales.” Otherwise, it was a very pleasant trip.

On arriving back, I was greeted by an invasion of Interstate buyers. They have since gone back to their respective stores, and this week we have Mr. J. F. Hendrie, of O. Gilpin Ltd., and his two off-siders, and no less than eight others, including Mr. Annis, from our London Office. Unfortunately, Sydney also has shed her warm raiment and is in the throes of a cold spell, so Mr. Annis is not seeing the Harbour City at its best, and gas and electricity rationing are not improving matters either. (The latter has been rationed for months now.) However, we manage to get one good meal a day, so I suppose we should be thankful for small mercies, even though it is the custom now, when visiting friends, for the hostess to bring out all her rugs and eiderdowns to wrap around her guests to stop their teeth from chattering, and so enable them to carry on a friendly conversation!

Stop Press.—Thursday, July 1: Three interstate women buyers are on the “casualty” list. One lost a double-row string of pearls, with diamond clip (large reward); another fell and ruined a good pair of Nylons and bruised her knees; whilst the third was thrown from the back seat of a taxi into the front seat alongside the driver. A near-miss accident! All this happened in the daytime. First-aid was rendered in Sydney office. What about providing bodyguards or escorts for our women visitors in the future?

Mr. JACK HIRST (Dye House, Eagley Mills) is a proud man—and father. His son, Frank Hirst, has just graduated Master of Science with first-class honours and divided the Professor Kernot Scholarship. Another case of “Like father, like son!”
We Took Our 'A.R.P. to a "Party"

War is not a thing which, ordinarily, one can joke about, yet every conflict has had its lighter side. After all, World War I gave the chuckle-raising cartoons of "Old Bill," and the lilting strains of "Tipperary," and we still laugh at the antics of "Bluedy and Curley" and "Wally and the Major," possibly the best-known characters created in Australia during the last war.

And when one recalls the fearful experiences of the civilian people of London during the last war, A.R.P. must stand, as it was, a matter of terrific responsibility, devotion to duty and complete sacrifice. Yet, here again, we venture to think that often in the darkest hour in London, the home front defenders must have seen some incidents which stood out in light relief from the general turmoil. In Australia we could but prepare for air raids. We were spared actual attack, save on Darwin. We took our work seriously enough and no doubt, had danger approached, we would have stood the test. But as things were, our experience was limited, more or less, to rehearsals. It all seems a long time ago now. It is, in fact, six years since the threat of attacks from the air became a possibility. And now that the edges of our anxiety have been blunted somewhat by the passage of time, we can look back and see that our efforts were not altogether without a funny side.

Many people in Collingwood will recall the preparations made there. We attended lectures on what to do in the case of fire, blast, etc. We studied first aid. We got tangled up and wet using spray pumps on mock incendiary bombs. Our popular secretary, Lance R. Hill, found time among all his other arduous duties to learn so much about first aid that he was awarded the bronze medallion of the St. John's Ambulance.

But our great opportunity came in March, 1942, when we staged a test raid. To those unfamiliar with the Smith street store, we might mention that on account of its very structure, it has always been looked upon as a bad fire risk; it was surely the worst air raid risk in Melbourne. Much of the Collingwood building is of bungalow construction with iron roof pierced by high lanterns. Other buildings are narrow and multi-storied. It would have been impossible to struggle up the steeply pitched roofs of the Collingwood store to hunt for an incendiary bomb as easy to get a grand piano up Mount Buffalo on skis as to struggle up the steeply pitched roofs of Collingwood store to hunt for an incendiary bomb with a bucket of sand in one hand and a stirrup pump in the other. So, generally speaking, we had to resign ourselves to the prospect of waiting until the beastly thing had burnt its way through, so that we could catch it on the floor below!

Still to be seen, on the roofs of the buildings on either side of Smith street, are the glass-fronted "lookouts" which were specially built for A.R.P. These were to play an important part in the test raid. Connected by telephone to a "control" phone in the basement, they each housed a special warden whose job it was to notify the Control Post of the movements of aircraft overhead. For some arbitrary reason, it had been assumed that raiding planes could be expected from the south or west, and so our plans allowed for the first report of the approach of the raiders to come from the Fitzroy lookout by means of a single ring on the control phone. Next to come was a telephone report (two rings) from the ground-floor warden to report damage or casualties, whilst "all clear" was anticipated from the Collingwood lookout (three rings), where the planes were expected to be seen vanishing in the distance. For some reason no arrangements were made for the raiders to turn round and blast us, in reverse order, on the way back.

For greater realism, "casualties" were arranged and members of the staff, bearing labels describing their injuries, were "littered" all over the place. At that time, we had twelve ambulance drivers located on our premises using some of our old delivery vans converted for carrying stretchers. Top left: The "off duty" shift relaxes. Upper right: Answering an emergency call. Centre right: "Paradise for me TO THINK THAT ALL THIS PREPARATION BECAME NECESSARY BECAUSE THE SORT OF THING SHOWN IN THE BOTTOM PICTURE HAD BEEN GOING ON FOR SOME TIME PREVIOUSLY. Adolph Hitler is seen taking the salute in Berlin, 1938.

How many people know that during the last war the Collingwood Store became an emergency ambulance station for "casualty" purposes? Twelve Red Cross drivers were on duty night and day, half working the premises whilst the other half worked. The girls slept in a specially built dormitory (still to be seen) with wall-to-wall carpet. The bunks were fitted with spring mattresses and reading lamps. Some of the ambulances were our old Albion delivery vans converted for carrying stretchers. Top left: The "off duty" shift relaxes. Upper right: Answering an emergency call. Centre right: "Paradise for me TO THINK THAT ALL THIS PREPARATION BECAME NECESSARY BECAUSE THE SORT OF THING SHOWN IN THE BOTTOM PICTURE HAD BEEN GOING ON FOR SOME TIME PREVIOUSLY. Adolph Hitler is seen taking the salute in Berlin, 1938.

Due either to some fault in the wiring, but more likely to a lack of synchronisation of the wardens' watches, the raid got away to a bad start inasmuch as the first ring on the control phone (it sounded like the single one we had expected) was from the Collingwood lookout warden, who announced that the raid was over and that the planes were gone. Of course, he was bluntly told not to be silly and to "play the game, you cad." In the middle of this heated exchange, the ground floor warden came on to say that he was "up to the neck" in debris and mangled bodies. Well, this sort of thing could not go on! A few strong words and another crestfallen warden "bit the dust." Then, to our great relief, came the long-awaited ring from the Fitzroy lookout to tell us, Casbianca-like, "when all but he had fled," that the planes were expected from the south or west. And when one recalls the fearful experiences of the civilian people of London during the last war, A.R.P. must stand, as it was, a matter of terrific responsibility, devotion to duty and complete sacrifice. Yet, here again, we venture to think that often in the darkest hour in London, the home front defenders must have seen some incidents which stood out in light relief from the general turmoil. In Australia we could but prepare for air raids. We were spared actual attack, save on Darwin. We took our work seriously enough and no doubt, had danger approached, we would have stood the test. But as things were, our experience was limited, more or less, to rehearsals. It all seems a long time ago now. It is, in fact, six years since the threat of attacks from the air became a possibility. And now that the edges of our anxiety have been blunted somewhat by the passage of time, we can look back and see that our efforts were not altogether without a funny side.

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jury was a fractured patella. Unfortunately, Primrose was a simple girl whose knowledge of her anatomy was very limited, and when informed earlier in the day of this proposed assault on her patella, she was obviously very worried. We learnt afterwards that she spent a couple of hours anxiously questioning all and sundry as to where her patella was and what was involved in the treatment of it—but her friends were all equally vague, and we are afraid that poor Primrose entered the proceedings with some misgivings.

When eventually she was carried in on the stretcher, by some mishap her dress had been caught up and she was showing quite a fair amount of silken leg. She had seen this, but, acting her part as faithfully as any Olivier, she made no move to achieve modesty again, much though she obviously desired it, and so she came into the operating theatre with glazed eyes, full of apprehension—only they seemed not to be looking in the same direction. One was quite obviously riveted on her exposed limb, the other seemed to roll round disconsolately looking for some other part of her which she could positively identify as the elusive patella.

But there was no time now for misgivings. Approaching her with splints and bandages was the first aider. The roving eyes locked up an angry look on his face. Horror! It was a young man who worked not far from her in the day time, but to whom she had never given any encouragement, and here he was about to handle that unprotected leg of which no one (so far as the writer knows!) had ever seen so much before. At last, the mystery of the unknown patella was revealed. Bracing herself against this impact upon her flesh, she allowed the splint to be applied, but, poor Primrose, we nearly lost her as a casualty from fright rather than bombs.

Meanwhile, body hunters were searching the "ruins," and from an upper floor in the Fitzroy building, had extracted a fairly hefty youth, who was carried out to the pavement on a stretcher ready for hoisting in the emergency ambulance, which stood in Smith street. By this time, the public had become aware of what was afoot and lots of interested spectators had gathered, and, in particular, the presence of the ambulance had whetted the interest of passengers on passing buses, one of which slowed down as the "injured" youth was being carried in on the stretcher, and there was the fellow, most uncomfortably from holding the twisted position which he had kept, on the stairs, for Lord knows how long. Could loyalty be greater? The speed with which he was patched up and dusted down was amazing. The lights were then turned out and this time we really made for home—all of us!

A.R.P. was over. General verdict upon our efforts was: A R-agtime P-erformance!

The Suggestion Box

Although we know we have a very bright staff with plenty of imagination, we are always pleasantly surprised by the batch of ingenious comments and ideas which comes in for each issue of "Service." Quite a lot of people do give earnest and imaginative thought to their work, their surroundings and, often, to the welfare of those around them, whether fellow workers or members of the public. Although sometimes suggestions are duplicated (which can hardly be avoided, for, if there exists an obvious fault calling for remedy, it would not be surprising if more than one person became aware of it), and sometimes relate to matters which are already under official consideration, the scope of these letters is remarkably good.

To those good people whose names are listed below, we offer our thanks and our congratulations. It has been a pleasure to send an award of 5/- for each of the suggestions shown against their names.

Awards

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Store/Address</th>
<th>Award</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>F. Sykes</td>
<td>Store 8, Collingwood</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. T. Wernert</td>
<td>Warehouse, Eagley Mills</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>John Broadhead</td>
<td>F. &amp; G. Stores, Tumut</td>
<td>3</td>
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<tr>
<td>R. Wright</td>
<td>Hardware, City</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ann Budgeon</td>
<td>Baby Wear, City</td>
<td>3</td>
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<tr>
<td>Winifred Shaylor</td>
<td>Baby Wear, Adelaide</td>
<td>4</td>
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<tr>
<td>Laurence Smith</td>
<td>F. &amp; G. Stores, Lockhart</td>
<td>2</td>
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<tr>
<td>A. E. Jamieson</td>
<td>Furniture, Collingwood</td>
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</tbody>
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Would you like to see YOUR name in this column? The address is "Suggestion Box," c/o "Service," Collingwood.
The Gibsonia Social Club

The period since our last issue has been a busy one. Nothing but a tremendous expenditure of energy in all forms of sport.

BASKETBALL.
The various teams have played well, hard and enthusiastically. It is quite evident that the girls derive much enjoyment from the games. Rules regarding times for starting matches are very rigid, and yet full teams are paraded in each instance “on the dot.” In the six matches played to date the results are:

- Eagley: Won 3, Lost 3
- Collingwood: Won 3, Lost 3
- Gibsonia: Won 4, Lost 2
- Prahran: Won 1, Lost 5

Nice work, everybody. Keep it up.

TABLE TENNIS.
The three teams deserve much praise for their efforts in the first half of the season with the Victorian Table Tennis Association. A peep at the mid-day and evening practices in Collingwood store should convince anyone of the enthusiasm with which the boys have taken up this sport. Although at the start there was a definite “mixture” of experienced and “learner” players, there is a most marked loyalty and the team spirit is outstanding.

Seven matches have been played with the following results:

- Foy’s Red Team: Won 5, Lost 2
- Foy’s White Team: Won 6, Lost 1
- Foy’s Blue Team: Won 7, Lost 0

Here’s a lead to follow. What about forming more teams in other parts of the organisation, ready for next season? All interested should contact Eddie Jowett, Smith Street Store.

Membership of this section has a social side as well. An enjoyable picture night was held at the State Theatre on June 10.

GOLF.
In addition to the events recorded in “The Sphinx Speaks,” golf enthusiasts attended a very interesting lecture in the Smith Street Store on June 23. The attendance was good and the address given by Mr. Hornsby, the professional instructor at the Levisathan Ltd., was greatly enjoyed by all present. We are sure that many will profit by the guidance given.

FOOTBALL.
As has been explained, we have not been able to “push ahead” with football as evenly as in other directions, due to the difficulty of securing grounds and of finding a common time when all sections of the organisation could meet to play. However, there is great activity in one direction, notes of which will be found again in “The Sphinx Speaks.” The footballers, too, like to “get around,” and on both the 24th and 30th June successful picture nights were attended at the State Theatre.

CRICKET.
Not a great deal to report here, except that, through the courtesy of Station 3AW, a limited number of tickets has been made available for attendance at the studio during the broadcasts of the 3rd England-Australia Test Match.

“A GERANIUM IN YOUR HAT.”

“I want to be good, but I also want to be gay,” said the girl. All I could think of to say to this was to quote the philosophy of the old Londoner: “What I say is, life ain’t all you want, but it’s all you ave, so ‘ave it. Stick a geranium in yer ‘at, and be ‘appy.”

I’m sure the geranium in one form or another does help towards happiness. It is a flaunting flower, and a gay one, and that is what the girl wanted. She needed to be able to drink the wine of life, not sip it in the fearful way of the genteel. She was, I knew, of the happy breed which can wear a geranium in the hat, even when there is bitterness. Drinking deeply, the girl may at times lose her head for a moment, but when the “hang-over” follows she still flaunts the geranium.

—From the “English Woman’s Journal” (read by Connie Carthew, General Office).

Her many friends will be happy to know that pretty MRS. KEITH KELLEY (formerly Betty Mill, Collingwood Office) gave birth to a daughter on 27th May. Young Laraine will have a stiff job later on competing with her mother’s good looks. Dad’s not so bad either!
Combing machines chiefly used are of two types—
(a) Noble Comb (English).
(b) Heilmann (French).

Their purpose is to extract all short fibres (known as noil), to straighten and lay parallel the long fibres, and also remove all remaining foreign matter, burrs, seeds, etc.

**Noble Comb.—** This machine consists of three circles, one large and two small; these contain a series of rows of needle pointed steel pins projecting in an upright position; these pins gradually increase in fineness and setting from the outside to the inside of the larger circle, but this order is reversed for the two small circles. The sliver is drawn off the balls through feed plates and fed on to the pins of the large circle. The wool is embedded in the pins by means of a dabbing brush. The continual rotation of the circles separates and forces the fibres to divide into two portions. The long fibres left on the large circle are drawn off by means of rollers and passed into a rotating funnel into a coiling can. The fibres which remain in the small circles, after passing the drawing off rollers, are all short and are known as noil. These short fibres are removed from the circles by means of blades fixed concentrically between the rows of pins. Nails are used in the manufacture of woollen yarns.

**French Comb—Heilmann.—** Combing is accomplished in this machine by means of a comb cylinder set horizontally with rows of vertical pins.

The uncombed material is fed by a number of slivers from cans or balls through a pair of feed rollers, then through a feed box, dabber comb, and the jaws of a nipper—the upper jaw closes on the lower jaw to grip the material, the fringe of which projects beyond the jaws. At the same moment the pins of a rotating comb, assisted by a brush compounded with the upper jaw, penetrate the fibres from below, comb them and remove the short fibres. During drawing off of the long fibres, the material is drawn through an intersector comb which completes the action of combing.

**Drawing.—** Drawing is the next process after combing, reducing the slivers in top form to a more suitable weight or thickness, and a more convenient size for spinning. The first machines in the series are similar to the gilling machine, with the exception that the second and third gills place the sliver of wool on to bobbins. It is here that twist is first given to the sliver—it is necessary to twist the strand as it is delivered from the front rollers of this and succeeding machines since, as the strand is gradually being made thinner, it must receive twist to give it strength. As the strands become finer the number of bobbins worked by each machine increases.

The principle of the Drawing Machine is as follows: Bobbins are placed in a creel and run through weighted rollers which draw the strands from the bobbins, passing them on to other rollers which revolve at a greater speed. This action develops the process of drawing a number of fibres parallel, thereby producing a thinner strand. On emerging from the second roller the strands are wound on to bobbins by means of a revolving flyer which also adds twist to the strand. This process is continued on subsequent machines until the desired weight and thickness is obtained.

The term “worsted” is applied to all wool yarns which are spun on the roller draft principle—draw-
"FROM EWE TO YOU."

ing out in length, followed by twisting. “Frame Spun Worsted” is the term applied to yarns spun on Cap, Ring or Flyer Frames; the former runs the fastest and the latter the slowest. French spun worsted yarns are prepared on porcupine machines and spun on the mule. The fibres are not so straight and the yarns are fuller and loftier than frame spun yarns.

**Spinning.**—There are four methods of spinning:

1. **Flyer Spinning Frame.** Continuous drafting, twisting, and winding on.
2. **Cap Spinning Frame.** Continuous drafting, twisting, and winding on.
3. **Ring Spinning Frame.** Intermittently drafting, twisting, then winding on.
4. **Worsted Spinning Mule.**

The last-mentioned method is usually used in spinning the shorter wools which has been French combed.

In all types of Spinning Frames four processes are in constant progress:

1. Roving or strand is unwound from the bobbin and carried to the back rollers.
2. The roving is drafted or extended by the difference in speed between the back and front rollers, which draw the ribbon of fibres out to several times its previous length.
3. Twist is inserted into the extended roving until it is strong enough to be wound on to the bobbin.
4. By three different means, in the three different types of frames, the yarn is wound on to the bobbins during the rotation of the spindle. In this winding-on process, it receives the drag which is necessary to build up firm bobbins.

Single yarn is mainly used in the manufacture of hosiery and underwear.

**Ply Yarns.**—Yarns for weaving outerwear and fingerings are twisted together to give bulk, effect and strength.

**Method.**—Bobbins of single yarns are put on a creel at the back of the machine, and the number of threads in required yarn passed around rollers; these threads are then twisted together and wound on to bobbins rotating on spindles. The yarn is then ready for either banking or winding on to suitable bobbins for the weaving of worsted cloths.

Their many friends in Eagley Mills are happy to have with them again, after bouts of illness, HUGH ALLEN (Engineer) and ALBERT HARVEY (Willey House). They are also waiting to welcome back popular CHARLIE WILEMAN (Wool Store).

Cheerios and good wishes to VINCENT CORRIGAN (Worsted General, Eagley), who has a fractured wrist, and to FRED BIRCHALL (Watchman, Mills), who has fractured a toe. They'll have to mend more than their ways, in future.

We've heard of people being warned to “keep their noses out,” but what can you say to a man who sticks his through the ring of a bunch of keys. Really, BILL DAVIS ought to have known better!
Turning Back the Pages

Having in this Organisation so many “old timers” with long memories, who derive much pleasure from a name or incident associated with the early days of the Company, we print below a letter recently received by Fred. Bellamy, Collingwood Office. If any other “boys of the old brigade” have an interesting incident to relate of the days of long ago we shall be glad to hear from them:—

May 25, 1948.

Dear Mr. Bellamy,—

I am taking this opportunity of congratulating you on your length of service with the Old Firm.

I used to work in the Old Collingwood Grocery 55 years ago. Mr. McLean was Manager, and at that time I knew you well. I was with Foy and Gibson’s only six years in Collingwood; afterwards, was another six years in the Perth Branch.

I think you had a desk in the dissecting office at the rear of the old Grocery Freezers of that time. Looking back, with the change of years, you will recall with me such men as Messrs. Sam. Gibson, Maclellan, Tiernan, Geordie Rae, Freeman. Later, of course, Mr. C. W. P. Amies, who used to serve on the print counter side by side with my father. You may remember my father. He was a shop-walker in Collingwood, and died in the building just before he left for home. That would be about 27 years ago.

Then there was John May, who scaled 22 stone, a man of some weight! In my own department there was, of course, McLean Haddow in the Teas, Birch in the Butter, and Tommy Joyce, who afterwards became Grocery Manager over here. I may say I helped Tom Joyce to get the first grocery stock together to send over to the West. Also, in those days, we had such notables as “Hop Skip George,” so named from his habit of hopping over counters. Then there was the “Coroner,” who used to rear fowls and bring them into the shop and raffle them.

I did not know their real names. There was Mr. Conochie, the Manager of the Manchester, who had such long feet that he had to go upstairs sideways and come down on his heels. He had a brother, John Conochie, who started in the office, and later came West as accountant. Later, again, he was Manager here (one of his sons lives in the next street to me).

I have a good friend in the Adelaide Store, who has been with the firm about 37 years, and he, knowing I was interested, sent me a copy of “Service,” and, looking through it, I came across your name. Hence these few lines. I sincerely trust you have many more years of happiness ahead of you, and with best wishes, I remain,

E. TYSON.

38 Caporn Street, Nedlands, W.A.

ANOTHER PEEP INTO THE PAST.

Somehow, when we think of the old days, we always run up against something which touches Fred Bellamy, of Collingwood Office. Incidentally, Fred is a very faithful supporter of “Service,” as well as being a very loyal servant of the company, and is always coming along with some little contribution. This time he has given us an interesting photograph of his father, which scans even more years than usual, for this picture was taken in 1885. The late Humphrey Arthur Bellamy was in charge of the Findon Harriers in those days. The kennels were then at Alphington. They are still in existence, of course, but located at Janefield. Later, Mr. Bellamy became a well-known horse trainer, being very successful with jumpers. He won most of the big events in Victoria as well as the Onkaparinga

Mr. Fred Bellamy.
The overall result of this examination was the mon sense in all their daily activities of these 1000-odd employees of ours. If there was anyone who felt at the outset that such an examination was not necessary, or who may have feared the result of the test, how relieved and happy he or she must be now. And so are the rest of us.

Mr. Joe Donohue.

13th and 14th January, 1895. Thus, both good men are now in their 54th year of service with the company. Mr. Donohue started as a boy in the Despatch, was transferred to the Mercery, where he began as salesman and rose to manager. Nowadays he is right-hand to Mr. Percy Day.

Tuberculosis Campaign

As a further move in its much-to-be-commended efforts to eradicate the menace of tuberculosis the Health Department of the Victorian Government recently installed its portable X-ray machine in the Collingwood Town Hall, and all residents and workers in the district were invited to take advantage of this opportunity to have photographs taken without charge. Dr. R. W. Bradbury, Medical Officer of Eagley Mills, having addressed numerous staff meetings throughout our organisation on this subject, some 1000 employees from the Mills, Smith Street Store and other sections in Collingwood expressed their desire to attend. The Company provided transport, and this large-scale medical examination was achieved very smoothly and efficiently.

As nearly all the official reports on those who were examined have now been posted by the Health Department, most employees are aware of the result of their test. But we feel sure it will be of great interest to each of them, to workers in other parts of our organisation, and in fact to the world in general, to know how very satisfactory and reassuring was the overall result of this examination.

Of the 1000-odd people who passed before the X-ray camera, less than 10 per cent. showed what the doctors refer to as "any abnormality." It is emphasised here that "abnormality" did not necessarily refer to a lung condition. Such classification is made of anything out of the ordinary, in a purely medical sense. For example, one person had the makings of an extra rib!

Ten per cent. of the whole gives us roughly 100 "abnormalities." Of these, the reports on only 15 had any direct bearing upon the lung, and here again it is stressed that this condition was not necessarily related to T.B. Then, of these 15 it was deemed necessary to take a second or "check" X-ray of only six.

Now comes the really fine news. Of these six not one was found to have active tuberculosis!

We think that this remarkable record speaks worlds for the general well-being, the good upbringing and home influences and the personal common sense in all their daily activities of these 1000-odd employees of ours. If there was anyone who felt at the outset that such an examination was not necessary, or who may have feared the result of the test, how relieved and happy he or she must be now. And so are the rest of us.

NEW LOCATIONS IN CITY STORE.

To obtain greater advantages for display for those departments whose merchandise is increasing in quantity and variety as the post-war period extends, and to provide better facilities for the ever-growing army of customers who patronise our Bourke Street Store, some departments are "on the move." Some shifts have been effected; others will be completed over the next week-end or two.

The results to date are very noticeable. The new locations already make full appeal to both patrons and staff. The Soft Furnishings have a spacious run on the 4th floor adjoining the Tea Room. The back "wall," although only a temporary fixture, affords very effective space for the display of coverings, tapestries, curtain nets and the like. The adjacent windows give added light to the bright colours of the lovely assortment of furnishing fabrics.

The approach to the new department is pleasant indeed, for a large area in front of the lifts has been covered with a soft, rust-coloured carpet, whilst the occasional chairs for the use of customers have been reupholstered in a very tasteful shade.

Into the place formerly occupied by the Soft Furnishings on the 3rd floor, the Manchester and Napery Departments have taken up position, and here, again, the new layout gives customers ideal conditions for inspecting goods and making purchases. The whole of these new layouts has been worked on a sort of "musical chairs basis," for into the former Manchester space on the 1st floor have gone the Dress Materials from their old location on the ground floor. The 1st floor thus becomes a "female paradise." Shortly, the Hardware Department, at present on the 1st floor annexe, will be "spread" over adjoining areas on the ground floor, but, meanwhile, the China and Glassware Department has already left the ground floor annexe and looks quite "Aladdin's Cave-ish" in the north-west corner on the ground floor, which the Dress Materials vacated.

In addition to these major moves, the Confectionery Department has travelled across the ground floor to occupy a very modern, canopied, neon-lit...
Some most interesting relics of the past. A batch of dockets made out in the Collingwood Store, most of them Circa 1890. The one, middle left, is oldest, being dated February, 1883. Centre is facsimile of one of our advertisements in the Melbourne “Argus” of February 23, 1893. Once again, these prices are a revelation of the ever-increasing cost of living!
island" near the corner of the building, whilst the Hosiery Department, "condensed" and streamlined, has gone to the old Sweet location on the back wall. Through whatever door customers enter the City Store, this new Hosiery section stands out like a lighthouse. We use the word "light" deliberately, since, here again, neon tubing gives a soft glow to silken and nylon hose and throws into bold relief the names of the famous makers whose brands we stock.

Have no doubt about it, Bourke Street is going to be hard to beat! A great job is being done. Congratulations to those who planned it—and to those who carried it out.

NEW SECRETARY IN PERTH.

Following the recent retirement of Mr. J. F. Bowman, who was Secretary of Foy & Gibson (W.A.) Limited, and who had loyally served the company over 50 years, Mr. Raymond McKay has been appointed Acting Secretary. Mr. McKay, who was Credit Manager in the Perth Store, was in Melbourne recently to have a "look see" at retail stores in the Eastern States. After visits to the large houses in Sydney, he returned to Melbourne, where he spent a considerable time at Collingwood Office, seeking (and getting) wisdom from our own efficient Secretary, Lance R. Hill.

A pleasant-looking man, with an easy manner and with experience overseas in England and France as well as in Australia, he should do well in his new job. Certainly everyone in Melbourne wishes him full success. Mr. McKay returned to Perth by plane on 30th June.

The Quiet Corner

At this spot we pause to remember those who have suffered grief through the loss of a loved one. Unhappily, our list on this occasion is longer than usual. We offer sincere sympathy to:

Mr. A. D. D. Maclean, whose mother died on June 15, and to Mrs. Maclean and members of their family.

Mr. Noel Sault, of the Smith Street Store, who has lost his father.

Mr. W. McCracken, also of the Smith Street Store. He has suffered the loss of his mother.

The members of the family of Mr. Thomas Shannon, who died on July 4. Tom Shannon will long be remembered for his long service with the company and his genial personality. Originally in Collingwood, he worked for many years in Prahran as Millinery Buyer, and made several trips overseas.

The members of the family of Miss Miriam Tite, who was Manageress of the Book Department in our Adelaide Store. Miss Tite died on May 22. For 28 years she served in our Adelaide Store with a personality beloved of staff and customers alike. They have joined with us in expressing their sympathy to her sisters and brother.

"Thy Will be Done"

ALEX ISAAKSON, the Collingwood night watchman, has had to enter hospital for an operation. Our night staff lead lonely lives, seeing little of the activities of the daytime, but Alex need not fear that his absence will pass unnoticed. The thoughts of all will be with him. We wish him successful treatment and a speedy recovery.

Congratulations to SHEILA O'BRIAN, who was married to William Edwards at St. John's Church, East Malvern, on 19th June. May the years ahead of you be full of happiness.

Petite JUNE LEECH (Mr Baxter's office) was married on 22nd May to PETER ALEXANDER (formerly Store 8, Collingwood), an all-Foy romance. Her many friends throughout the Organisation combined to present her with a really beautiful crystal water set. Once again, our best wishes for the future.

A little late, but none the less sincere, are our congratulations to JOHN MINKS (Adelaide), upon his appointment as Office Manager. If he looks after official correspondence as well as the Adelaide news for "Service," our South Australian office will be most efficiently run.

Although she has been back for some weeks, the almost complete recovery which she has now made calls for a "Bravo" for PAULINE PARK (Collingwood Office), who endured months of pain and discomfort from a broken leg sustained in an accident in which she was knocked down by a motor car. You've got your reward, Paul. It's as good a leg as we've seen for a long time!

ARNOLD SHACKLOCK (Hosiery Mill) has been on the sick list. The amount of work, official and otherwise, that he gets through makes one wonder how he keeps fit. Very glad to see you back again, Arnold. Don't let anything get you down again.

They're a shifty lot out at Prahran. Do things right under your nose. Here's FLORENCE BAKER (Wools) engaged to MERVYN McCREERY (Grocery). Now how did they get to know each other? Good luck to you two.

Another dual celebration—this time quite unconnected. MARJORIE O'SULLIVAN (Mail Order, City) enjoyed her 21st birthday on 28th June. RON BROWN (Collingwood Office) officially "grew up" on 6th July. That's always something to crow about. We crow, too.

If you should meet Ken Nelson, of Northcote, shake him by the hand and congratulate him. He has won the hand (neatly encircled with jewelled ring) of JEAN TOUGH (Lay-by, City). Bet he'll
be glad when she changes her name! He might think it an omen.

We understand that some girls are wearing "beaut" bruises nowadays, but our first real casualty from basketball is THELMA JEFFRIES, captain of Prahran team. A broken bone in the leg will necessitate her wearing an iron for a little while. Our sympathy, Thelma. Please get well soon.

Adelaide is happy to see KATH CLANCEY (Books) back again after an operation. So are we all. But who are these people who say, "It didn't hurt!"

We hear they're playing a new game in the City Confectionery nowadays. It goes something like this: "Heads . . . Sweet! Tails . . . COLD! B-r-r-r!"

Fellow workers in Eagley Mills have greatly missed ANN STAUBLI (Underwear, Knitting), IRENE HALL (No. 2 Fingering) and SYDNEY PARSONS (Wool Carding), who have been absent through illness. Their return will make everyone happy. Meanwhile, good wishes to all three.

Adelaide's Pied Piper, PETER ELLIOTT, may have lost his whistle, but it isn't doing the Receiving Room rats any good.

JEAN FRASER (Switchboard, City) is still in hospital after some 10 weeks of illness. You have our full sympathy and sincere wishes for complete recovery soon, Jean. We miss your sweet voice.

The utmost sympathy goes out to ARTHUR COURT (Collingwood Office), who once again is on the sick list. He has had a very rough spin over the past two years, and we all hope that this will be the last of his troubles. We have a lot of feeling too for Mrs. Court, upon whom much of the burden has been thrown.

Two familiar faces are missing from the Smith Street Store. BILL OAKES (Grocery) and JOE THOMAS (Manchester) left recently to take positions elsewhere. We wish them both full success with a particular thought for Joe Thomas, who was with us for a very long time.

On June 6, a son for TOMMY BLACKMON (Electrician, City). This is good. You can turn on your radiator for a child under four! So you're lucky all ways, Mr. and Mrs. Blackmon.

Congratulations, too, to MILTON PARRY (Furnishings, Smith Street), and to Mrs. Parry. Why? Young Milton John arrived on May 1.

Why bring immigrants to Australia? We're doing pretty well locally. Here's another addition to our population. Marian Elizabeth Cornish said "Good morning" to the world on June 5. BERT CORNISH (Paymaster, Eagley Mills) and Mrs. Cornish are the sponsors. Congratulations to both.

We hear that BRIAN ANDREWS (Adelaide) now has a bar to his medal! Wait till you get three, Brian! That WILL be "fruit salad."
This is not the usual place for a paragraph of this sort. Yet we cannot think where it would fit in better, since popular Store Manager, LESLIE ROOKE, is quite a "personality." His staff—including the staff council—wish to express their thanks to him for his prompt attention to all their recent needs.

Malvern Warehouse is glad to welcome back LYLA JENKINS after her recent illness. Congratulations are in order, too, for Lyla has just celebrated her 21st birthday.

Mr. A. ANDREW (Smith Street Store) is still in hospital, unfortunately, but doing well enough to send us his regards. Again we wish him a speedy recovery.

At F. & G. Stores, Horsham, they have welcomed GEORGE LIGHT, who was transferred from Yarram as first assistant, and farewelled LES COATES, who has gone to Murtoa as Manager. Full success to each in his new job.

Some of the girls in the Adelaide Mail Order Department thought they had seen “flying saucers.” The flash turned out to be reflections from engagement ring of MAUREEN GRAY. Lucky girl—lucky bloke!

Mr. KING (Advertising, Adelaide) has just done a “Young Lochinvar” by flying all the way to Sydney to claim his bride from his ancestral home. Quite a King-ly move! No wonder they say “It pays to advertise.” Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. King.

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The next "SERVICE" will be published in

AUGUST

Send YOUR contributions early and definitely not later than AUGUST 2.

AN IDEAL PROGRAMME?

Announcer: “The next fifteen minutes will be free of any commercial announcement or sound of any kind. This complete silence and rest is brought to you by courtesy of REE-LAX Mattresses.”

(Sketched by Laurence Smith, F. & G. Stores, Lockhart.)

Chemical warfare is thought by some people to be the eternal struggle between blonde and brunette.

And again from Adelaide we hear that PAT TILMOUTH (Cashier) has announced her engagement. Hope he realises how lucky he is! Congratulations, Pat!

Mr. H. TYMMS (Clothing, Collingwood) is back in harness after a spell of illness. That pleases everyone, for the place wasn’t the same without him.

These “L-o-v-e-l-y, l-o-v-e-l-y Holeproof Hosiery” broadcasts must be taking effect, for Harold Powell of Northcote found it hard indeed to resist CORA WALKER (Hosiery, Smith Street). They were married on May 28. All happiness to them both.

The smile on the face of “BILL” TAYLOR (Advertising, City) lately is due to the arrival of daughter Susan, on June 13. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor. Looks like a matter of changing from “layout” to “layette!”

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